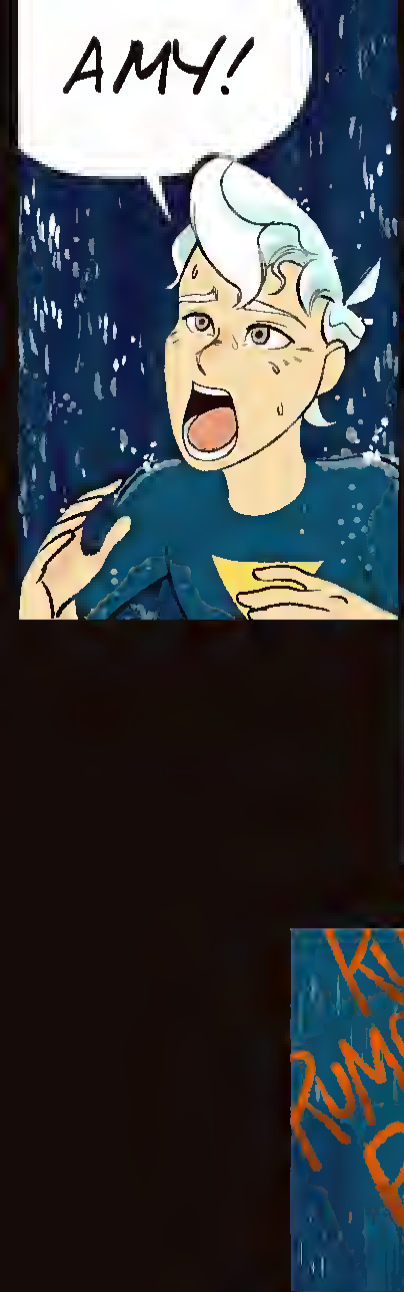
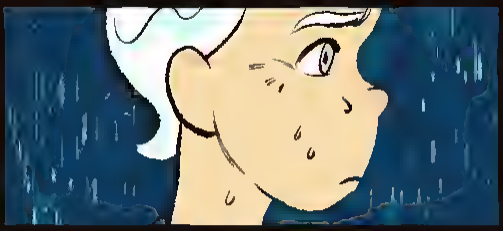
KRAKOOM!!

Amy!


AMY!
KRAKOOM!
RUMBLE



splish!
splash!

splish splash
hee hee
Amy!

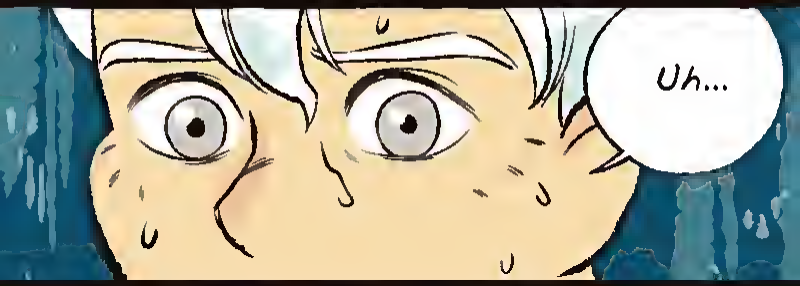
Oh.
Hi, Oliver.

Uh--
You forgot your sketch--
The float design.
Oh...
Thanks.

So...
Do you...
...like the rain?

Yeah.
It's the first time I've seen it.
It's amazing.

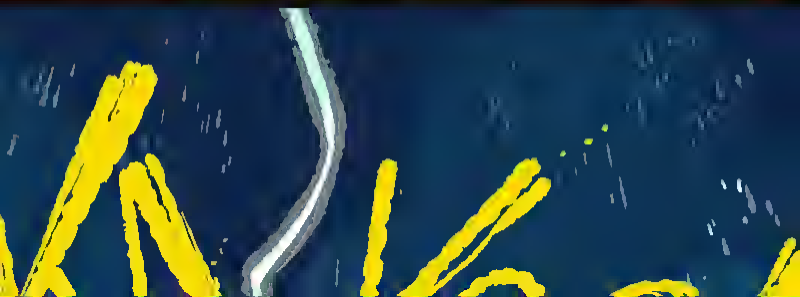
Listen, about all that school record stuff--
I--


Uh...

KRAKOOM

We--
We have to get out of here.

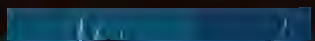
Huh?
Come on!

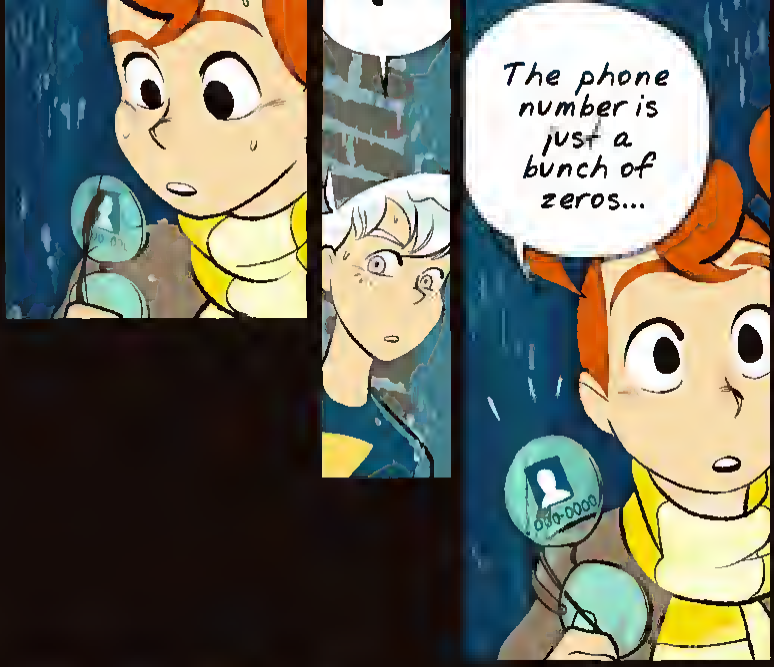


KA-KOW

huff
huff
Oliver--
huff
Why are we running?

RING RING!




The phone number is just a bunch of zeros...
000-0000

Let me see.

Hello?

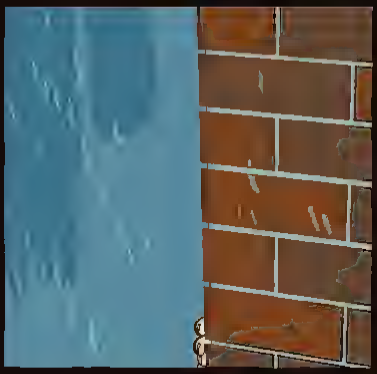
Why
are you

running, Oliver?

You know we can track you wherever you go.

What do you want?
I think you know what we want, Oliver.
The question is, what do you want?
Do you really want Amy to know the truth about you?

I--
Before you answer that why don't you look around the corner again...



There...
Up on the roof of that little pastry shop.
Do you see him?

I've had that agent following Amy around since the day you two met.
Don't worry.
He

won't touch her.
Unless, of course, she learns something she's not supposed to know.

Oliver--

Who is it?
Who are you talking to?

Your very existence is classified, Oliver.
If you tell her anything close to the truth about yourself, we will consider her a threat to national security.

In other words...

We'll kill her.
Do I make myself clear?

Yes.

SPACE BOY

by

Stephen McCranie